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LIBRETTO AND LYRICS ONLY

Yokohama Maid

A Japanese Comic Operetta in

Two Acts



Written and Composed by
ARTHUR A. PENN

Vocal Score and Libretto, complete \$1.50
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CAST.

*TAKASI (baritone)The Herald of Kyboshō
MUVON YU (baritone or bass)A Policeman
AH NO (tenor)A Chinese Laundryman from the U. S. A.
FATEDDO (baritone)Mayor of Kyboshō
KNOGUDI (tenor)His Secretary
*HARRY CORTCASE (light baritone)An American Lawyer
O SING-A-SONG (soprano)A Japanese Heiress
KISSIMEE (mezzo-soprano)Her Companion
TUNG-WAGA (contralto)An Elderly Nurse
HILDA, STELLA (mezzo-soprano)American Tourists
CHORUS of Japanese Men and Maidens, Wedding Guests, Etc.	

(* If required, the parts of Takasi and Harry Cortcase may be played by the same performer.)

ACT I. Garden of O Sing-a-Song's House in the suburbs of Yokohama.
Afternoon.

(Two Years Elapse)

ACT II. Grounds of the Mayor's Residence at Kyboshō. Afternoon.

(NOTE—The same stage setting may, if found advisable, be used for both Acts I and II. If this is done, a few slight changes should be made in the setting of Act II, such as the introduction of artificial festoons of cherry blossoms, lanterns, etc., and perhaps a tree extra in the centre background.)

TIME—The Present.

MUSICAL NUMBERS.

ACT I.

1. THE HERALD'S SONG (Takasi) "*Listen, O Ye People*"
2. CHORUS "*O Sing-a-Song is Sweet Sixteen*"
3. SONG (Tung-Waga) "*All Wrinkled is the Yellow Cheek*"
4. CHORUS "*Sing a Song as Sing-a-Song Approaches*"
5. DUET (Kissimee and Knogudi) "*When Maiden Falls in Love*"
6. SONG (Sing-a-Song) "*When a Maiden's Sweet Sixteen*"
7. DUET (Sing-a-Song and Fateddo) "*I Shall Be Proud*"
8. FINALE.

ACT II.

9. OPENING CHORUS "*Waiting Expectantly*"
- 9a. RECIT. AND SOLO (Muvon Yu) "*Attention, Ye!*"
- 9b. CHORUS "*Here Comes the Mayor!*"
10. SONG (Ah No) "*Suki Tong*"
11. SONG (Sing-a-Song) "*Back Again to Old Japan*"
12. DUET (Sing-a-Song and Fateddo),
..... "*Oh, What Is a Maiden To Do To-Day?*"
13. BALLAD (Harry) "*A Heart Once Went*"
- 13a. QUARTETTE (Harry, Sing-a-Song, Hilda and Stella),
..... "*And Thus, You See*"
- 13b. CHORUS "*Our Hearts Are Wrung*"
14. TRIO (Sing-a-Song, Harry and Fateddo),
..... "*I Am the Mayoress of Dollarsville*"
15. SEXTETTE AND FINALE... "*Wedding Bells Will Soon Be Ringing*"

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COSTUMES.

- TAKASI.** Dark blue and gold kimono, with sash. Should also carry a staff.
- MUVON YU.** White duck costume, double-breasted coat with brass buttons; flat cap with a visor.
- AH NO.** Characteristic costume of a Chinese laundryman as seen in America, —half Chinese, half American. Bald wig with queue.
- FATEDDO.** Elaborate Japanese kimono costume, modelled along that of Pooh-Bah in "The Mikado." This part, if played by a large, heavily-built person, will be so much the more effective.
- KNOGUDI.** Light blue kimono with quiet design; sash, etc.
- HARRY CORTCASE.** Neat American costume; Panama or straw hat; white trousers, dark blue coat; cane.
- O SING-A-SONG.** 1st Act: Regulation Japanese girl's costume, with plenty of coloring to suit the performer's taste. 2nd Act: Stylish American costume, preferably white, with hat, shoes, etc., to match.
- KISSIMEE.** 1st Act: Regulation Japanese tea-girl costume. 2nd Act: Up-to-date American apparel, but quiet.
- TUNG-WAGA.** 1st Act: Costume similar to that worn by Katisha in "The Mikado." 2nd Act: Extravagant American clothes, very flashy, particularly the hat.
- HILDA, STELLA.** Neat tailor-made suits, or any smart American gowns, with tasteful hats, shoes and gloves. Parasols.
- WIGS.** All the male characters should wear the regulation Japanese wigs, unless their hair be dark. Fateddo's wig should be such as to make him at least half bald. The women's wigs, particularly in the case of those performers whose own hair is light, are of the regular Japanese model.

To successfully interpret the various parts the following suggestions should be carefully noted.

- TAKASI.** A dignified character, well set-up and graceful.
- MUVON-YU.** Can be any height, but should be short rather than otherwise. An easy-going, shuffling kind of officer.
- AH NO.** Humorously-pathetic character. He should carry himself with a deferential air, and do much bowing and smiling.
- FATEDDO.** A gruff yet breezy personage. The stouter the better. In reality, he is a mixture of two of the best-known characters in "The Mikado"—Pooh Bah and the Mikado himself. Bearing this in mind, the impersonator of Fateddo will readily grasp the possibilities of this part.
- KNOGUDI.** A calm, unexcitable person, who speaks and takes everything coolly, yet with a pessimistic attitude. A sort of dreamer who seeks the unattainable and realizes his helplessness.
- HARRY CORTCASE.** The typical smart young business man of the U. S. A. Jolly, breezy and good-natured.
- O SING-A-SONG.** The possibilities of this part are great. It should be played by a person short of stature—and of course, the prettier the better! In the first Act she must be demure, sweet and ingenuous to a degree. In Act II, she has progressed and is smart and chic and worldly-wise, but still as sweet as ever.
- KISSIMEE.** A cheerful character, of the regular soubrette type. Pert and practical.
- TUNG-WAGA.** Great care should be exercised in the selection of the person to play this part. She is a second "Katisha" and should certainly make up to look as "scraggy" as possible. A tall, thin individual, with rather a deep, hollow speaking voice, will be most acceptable.
- HILDA AND STELLA.** Smart but rather "silly" American young ladies. Lots of good looks but not too many brains!

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ACT I.

SCENE: Garden of Sing-a-Song's house in the suburbs of Yokohama.
(This scene should open with lights up, gradually lowering them during the singing of No. 1, until the finish of the chorus which is sung with stage hat, darkened.)

No. 1. THE HERALD'S SONG (*Takasi*).

RECIT.

Listen, O ye people, to a tale of old Japan!
 It never really happened, but 'twas this way it began:

SONG

In old Japan there lived a man,
 His name I don't remember—
 But he married a maid, and I'm afraid
 'Twas a case of May and December.
 Oh, she lived but a year; then upon her bier
 Away to her grave they bore her;
 But she left, if you please, a little Japanese
 To carry the tale on for her.

(Chorus Behind Scene)

O Sing-a-Song

(O Sing-a-Song)

Was the baby's name.

(Was the baby's name.)

O Sing-a-Song

(O Sing-a-Song)

Like the sunshine came

(Like the sunshine came.)

And now you'll see

(Yes, now you'll see)

*(Rings bell
he carries)*

For yourselves, ding-dong,

(Ding-dong, ding-dong) (bell's)

What afterwards happened to
 this Japanese maid,—

O Sing-

(O Sing-)

a-Song!

(Lights up suddenly at conclusion of No. 1.)

(Enter Chorus of Young Men and Maidens to Music. Takasi in Center.)

No. 2. CHORUS.

GIRLS

O Sing-a-Song is sweet sixteen

To-day, to-day.

O merry birthday bells ring out,

So gay, so gay!

Oh, the world would be so happy to a maiden's heart

If old Time on his scythe would lean—

And never count another year,

Nor let new calendars appear,—

When a maiden's reached sixteen!

MEN

Sing a song of Sing-a-Song,

Yokohama maid.

Pretty little lady, she is not afraid—

GIRLS

Not afraid of what, you say?
Why pause at this stage?

MEN

Sing-a-Song is not afraid
To tell her age!

ALL

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
O Sing-a-Song is sweet sixteen
To-day, today,
(Etc.)

(Enter *Tung-Waga*, centre back)

TUNG-WAGA. My young mistress bids you all welcome. At least, she bids *me* bid you all welcome.

GIRLS. Where is she?

MEN. Yes, why is she not here?

TUNG-WAGA. Because you are early and she is late. *Your* curiosity to see her has brought you here before your time, and her desire to *satisfy* your curiosity has kept her to her mirror too long.

TAKASI. Surely O Sing-a-Song has no need to waste much time in trying to improve on Nature's handiwork? She is beautiful enough!

TUNG-WAGA. Much you know about it, Herald. The most beautiful woman in the world may be much obliged to Nature for her kindness, but at the same time, she knows a thing or two herself, and puts them into practice.

TAKASI. What mean you?

TUNG-WAGA. I mean it's a pity Dame Nature don't read the magazines and the Ladies' Pages in the newspapers. If she did, she'd be so full of hints as to what to do, that every woman she had a hand in making would be perfect—in fact, so perfect that the world would grow tired of 'em. Men would welcome a change. They'd search for the commonplace and welcome the ugly. They'd even welcome *me*!

ALL (*laughing*). Poor Tung-Waga!

TUNG-WAGA. Poor Tung-Waga, indeed! But despite Nature's carelessness in nearly ruining me from the start, I believe I'd still have had a chance for beauty had the Woman's Page been invented fifty years ago!

No. 3. SONG (*Tung-Waga*.)

All wrinkled is the yellow cheek,
My nose is getting hooked—
For a niche in the walls
Of Oblivion's halls
I fear I'm booked.
Dim is my eye and grey my hair,
For which misfortunes I hardly care,—
But had I been born at a later date,
No doubt I could have controlled my fate.

O, powder puff!
O, sweet cold cream!
Without your help
Life a curse would seem.
O, dainty rouge!
O, fifty cent massage!

Had I but known
 The powers you own,
 I would have begged my parents to
 Postpone their marriage a decade or two!
(Chorus repeats refrain)

(Enter Fateddo and Knogudi. The people crowd around Fateddo.)

FATEDDO. Back! Back, I say! Do you not know the respect due to a Mayor?

(Crowd falls back)

That's better. You don't seem to realize my greatness. That's the trouble with the common people. They have no imagination.

(Knogudi whispers to Fateddo)

FATEDDO. That's it! *(Turns to crowd)* Kneel down! Abase yourselves! I am the Mayor! *(They all kneel)*. That's O. K. Now you know how great I am. It's wonderful how humble you feel when you're on your knees!

TUNG-WAGA. Your Fussiness, I would crave leave to rise.

FATEDDO. You're always craving. *(Aside)* The woman'll be craving me next.

KNOGUDI. She is well-nigh hopeless, master!

TUNG-WAGA. I crave—

FATEDDO. Oh, hang your craving! Why should you wish to rise?

TUNG-WAGA. I am suffering from housemaid's knee. *(She rises.)*

FATEDDO. Very well. I don't know what that may be, but if it's any worse than writer's cramp, you have my sympathy. I have been signing my name to so many political appointments, I am positively paralyzed with paroxysms of palsy. Really, I had no idea how many friends I had until I found the number of political vacancies I was expected to fill.

(All rise from knees)

Down on your knees, you insignificant voters! How dare you—

TAKASI. Your Mistakenness, here is where you take a back seat. The hostess approacheth!

FATEDDO. Good! Now perhaps we'll get something to chew besides the rag.

No. 4. CHORUS.

Sing a song as Sing-a-Song approaches,
 'Tis her natal day!

(MEN ONLY)

('Tis her natal day!)

May the sunshine of her sixteenth birthday

Shine on her alway!

Joy and riches ever be her portion,

Grief and sorrow ever be unknown—

Sing a song as Sing-a-Song approaches

In full beauty blown!

O Sing-a-Song is sweet sixteen

To-day, to-day,

(Etc.)

(Enter Sing-a-Song and Kissimee)

SING-A-SONG. Yes, dear friends, I'm sixteen to-day, and I care not who knows it!

TUNG-WAGA. A woman should never tell her age.

SING-A-SONG. Even a woman must speak the truth sometimes, you know
 Dear old nurse! You don't mind telling your age, do you?

TUNG-WAGA. I'm so old it doesn't matter.

SING-A-SONG. And I am so young, it doesn't matter! Now, good people, enjoy yourselves. Do what you will.

TUNG-WAGA. Yes, go as far as you like.

FATEDDO. The farther they go, the better 'twill please me.

come leave (All stroll off, R. and L., except Sing-a-Song, Kissimee and Fateddo.)

Knogudi exits last, L. U.)

FATEDDO (calls to Knogudi). Stay, you! I shall need you.

(Knogudi pauses inquiringly)

KISSIMEE (to Sing-a-Song). Shall I——?

SING-A-SONG (mocking Fateddo). Stay, you! I shall need you! (To Fateddo) Well, sir, and why don't you, too, go and enjoy yourself?

KISSIMEE (points left). The bar is over there, your Dryness!

FATEDDO. That bar, young lady, would be a bar to my enjoyment just at this moment. (To Sing-a-Song.) Listen to me, love of my life.

SING-A-SONG. Love of your life! What mean you by such flowery familiarity?

FATEDDO. May not a man speak thus with his betrothed?

SING-A-SONG. Assuredly. But she is not here. Kissimee, where went Tung-Waga?

FATEDDO. Tung-Waga be hanged! 'Tis you, Sing-a-Song, that art my betrothed.

SING-A-SONG (coldly). Since when?

FATEDDO. Since your poor papa popped off, my dear. Your period of mourning for that lamentable event being over to-day, it is my pleasant duty to read you your popped-off papa's will.

KNOGUDI. Your Ignorance will permit me to remind you that you cannot read.

FATEDDO. True. I will not descend to the vulgar attainments of the hoi polloi.

SING-A-SONG. Oh, what is all this nonsense? Pray proceed.

FATEDDO (to Knogudi). Read the will, will you?

KNOGUDI. I will, willingly. (Produces paper. He fumbles with it, looking for the portion he wants.) Ah, here is the passage! (Reads.) “. . . And all my wealth and all my possessions, amounting to more than I have time to count or life to enjoy, I give and bequeath to my daughter, O Sing-a-Song, to be hers absolutely on her 18th birthday. No conditions, save one, are attached to this bequest. It is that on that same 18th birthday, my daughter, O Sing-a-Song, be willing to give herself in marriage to Fateddo, my estimable but somewhat uncultivated friend, the Mayor of Kyboshō. I make this condition not because I love Fateddo, but because I wish my daughter to become the wife of a real live Mayor. Fateddo is the only unmarried Mayor I know.”

FATEDDO. There you are! Plain as a pikestaff. Come, my blushing bride-to-be, come to your faithful Fateddo's bosom!

SING-A-SONG. Never! There must be some mistake. Give me that will! (Snatches it from Knogudi and exits hurriedly. R. U.)

KNOGUDI (gravely). Your Carelessness, was it not imprudent to allow the young lady to run off with the will?

FATEDDO. Pooh, pooh, young man! You over-rate my imbecility. The original of that will lies safe and sound in a sound safe! The wilful hussy is welcome to the copy she ran off with.

KISSIMEE. I fear, sir, you approached the subject of your love too abruptly! A girl likes to be wooed into marriage, not shoo'd into it!

KNOGUDI (aside). I wonder if I dare consider that as encouraging!

FATEDDO (*ruefully*). That's the trouble with women! They're so coy. Well, she'll come round, and see the folly of objections. Meantime, I think I hear the moaning of the bar. (*Exits L.*).

KISSIMEE. Oh, is it not dreadful?

KNOGUDI (*gazing after Sing-a-Song*). It is indeed. It breaks my heart.

KISSIMEE (*aside*). Ah, me! My heart is breaking also! (*To Knogudi.*) And do you love with love unrequited?

KNOGUDI. Alas, yes! 'Tis hopeless.

KISSIMEE. Alas, yes! (*Looks at him appealingly*) 'Tis hopeless! (*Sighs.*)

No. 5. DUET (Kissimee and Knogudi)

KISSIMEE.

When maiden falls in love she thinks
That Love's a welcome guest;
She opens wide her tender heart,
To welcome him she does her part
With joyful zest!

KNOGUDI.

But what's a fellow going to do
When hopelessly he's stranded,
Because he finds his welcome guest
Comes to him empty-handed?

TOGETHER.

A welcome guest is love to all,
As some day you'll discover,—
But what's the use of such a guest
Who brings you love, and then, in jest,
He takes away your lover?

Love unrequited!
'Tis bitter-sweet to taste!
Oh, many a life and many a love
Have gone to waste
Through unrequited love!

(*Both exeunt R. and L.*)

(*Enter Sing-a-Song—Back Center*)

SING-A-SONG. Father must have been mad when he made that will. I don't know what to do. I feel like giving up all the wealth and possessions and running away. Let me think. (*She pauses, in puzzled, wondering attitude. Music.*)

No. 6. SONG (Sing-a-Song)

When a maiden's sweet sixteen
She's standing on the brink
Of womanhood and all that's good,
And 'tis time for her to think.

So let me get my thinking cap all fixed
And stuck fast on my head:
Oh, the more I think, the more I get all mixed,—
And I wish that I were dead!
Oh, me! Oh, my!
I wish that I were dead!
No, I don't!

For this is a case of a will that's *left*,
 Which proves that the will's not *right*;
 And there must be a way to find escape
 From a marriage to that silly old fright!
 Ah, yes, I have it! I know 'twill come!
 An idea will strike me one day!
 Oh, I'll find a sure way out,
 For there's not the slightest doubt
 That where there's a *will*, there's a way!

(Enter Fateddo, L.)

FATEDDO (*facetiously*). Ah, there she was!

SING-A-SONG. Beg pardon?

FATEDDO. There you are, I say.

SING-A-SONG. Pardon me. You said. "There she *was*."

FATEDDO (*to audience*). Well, she *was* there, wasn't she? (*To Sing-a-Song*). Listen, you little lumpy lollypop. Are you resigned to be married to me two years from to-day?

SING-A-SONG (*curtseying*). I are. (*Aside*.) Oh, the idea will come, I *know*! I'll surely find a way out! (*To Fateddo curtseying again*.) Two years from to-day!

FATEDDO. Very well. It's a long time to wait, but so be it. Even wine improves with age, and women and wine go together frequently, I hear.

SING-A-SONG. Sir, you are as offensive as you are ignorant.

FATEDDO. My darling! You speak to me as though we had been married a year or more! Oh! It is fore-ordained. You will soon get used to being my wifey-pifey. I can anticipate your line of conversation already.

SING-A-SONG. Glad you like it.

FATEDDO. But you have still something to learn. Know you then, my unplucked peach-plum, that I am ambitious. My ambitions soar high!

SING-A-SONG (*standing with mock humility under his outstretched arm*). And yet I am so far beneath you!

FATEDDO. My wife shall be the most accomplished, the most talked-of woman in Japan. She must know everything. In order to know everything, it is necessary that you visit America, where they know it all. They will teach you. You will have to pay for it in experience or in cash—they prefer the latter.

SING-A-SONG. How delightful!

FATEDDO. What's that?

SING-A-SONG. The trip, dear Betrothed—(*grimaces*)—the trip!

FATEDDO. Oh, the trip. Yes, yes. I shall (*pompously*) be glad to pay the entire expenses of this trip for you, and you can go the limit. I shall expect you back two years from to-day, when we shall celebrate our nuptials.

SING-A-SONG. Oh, won't that be fun!

FATEDDO. Fun! These women have a strange sense of humor.

SING-A-SONG. And can I go where I like and learn what I like?

FATEDDO. You can. I wish you to know everything these Americans can teach you.

SING-A-SONG. Oh, sir, that would take a lifetime, it seems to me!

FATEDDO. Nonsense. Remember you will be the most talked-of woman in Japan. The Mayoress of Kyboshō will be the center of attraction for all the eyes of Nippon. I shall be correspondingly great by reflection.

SING-A-SONG. And who will accompany me and when shall I know when to return for our—our—nuptials? (*grimaces*).

FATEDDO. You may take Kissimee. I will pay her expenses also—(*aside*)—out of your papa's estate when I get it. Ahem! You will know when to return when I stop sending you any more money.

No. 7. DUET (*Sing-a-Song and Fateddo*)

FATEDDO.

I shall be proud of my Japanese bride
When she returns in her beauty!

SING-A-SONG.

When I return it will not be for love,—
Merely an unpleasant duty!

FATEDDO.

All your expenses I'll gladly defray,
To borrow the money I'll soon find a way;
And then on the morning of our wedding day,
I'll get all that papa had hoarded.

BOTH.

Hoarded, hoarded,
I'll }
He'll } get all that papa had hoarded.

FATEDDO.

I love you, my honey—

SING-A-SONG.

He's after my money!

BOTH.

Much pleasure that will has afforded!

SING-A-SONG.

When I return I shall be Japanese
Only because I was born here.

FATEDDO.

Don't forget, pet, I'll be waiting for you,
Lonesome and oh, so forlorn here!

SING-A-SONG.

Dainty American lady I'll be;
I'll be so clever, Fateddo will see
That I am very much smarter than he,
When I return to the wedding.

BOTH.

Wedding, wedding,
When Sing-a-Song comes to the wedding!

FATEDDO.

Sweet anticipation!

SING-A-SONG.

In sheer desperation!

BOTH.

The time in between I am dreading!

(*DANCE and Exeunt*)

(*Enter Knogudi, Kissimee and Tung-Waga*)

TUNG-WAGA. I shall insist on being allowed to go, too. The idea of Sing-a-Song taking that long journey without her old nurse!

KNOGUDI. They don't want nurses in America. All they need is chaperones.

TUNG-WAGA. And am I not homely enough to be a chaperone?

KISSIMEE. To be sure you are. You shall come, Tung-Waga. I will induce Sing-a-Song to let you.

TUNG-WAGA. And who will pay my expenses?

KNOGUDI. Why, Sing-a-Song's dead papa.

TUNG-WAGA. What do you mean?

KNOGUDI. I mean that the Mayor is depending on getting back all the money he advances for this American trip from the wealth that will be Sing-a-Song's the day the poor girl marries him.

KISSIMEE. Oh, he's a deep one, he is.

KNOGUDI. How can one so shallow be deep?

TUNG-WAGA. Well, I can see through him plainly enough.

KNOGUDI. And yet he is as thick as they make 'em.

(They all listen)

No. 8. FINALE.

SING-A-SONG (singing off stage)

Good-bye, home of my childhood,
Good-bye!

CHORUS (off stage)

Good-bye, good-bye,

O Sing-a-Song is leaving home,

(Enter Chorus, slowly)

In foreign countries far to roam.

And we must bid good-bye to her,

Good-bye to Sing-a-Song!

TRIO—KISSIMEE, TUNG-WAGA AND KNOGUDI.

KNOGUDI

Alas! no one will shed a tear,
Although my heart is breaking!
I've loved her so for many a year,
For her heart mine is aching.

KISSIMEE

Oh, blind is love! He cannot see
Another heart so tender
That waits for him and prays that he
May some sweet day surrender!

TUNG-WAGA.

I'll take a chance and hustle off
To pack my little grip, O!
For if I don't, I certainly won't
Be ready for this trip, O!

(Repeat in unison, each one his or her version).

(Exit Tung-Waga)

(Enter Sing-a-Song and Fateddo)

SING-A-SONG.

Now, go! I've had enough of you;
Your style of wooing's clumsy!

FATEDDO.

I cannot get enough of you,
My pinky Plumsy-wumsy!

SING-A-SONG.

In two more years, this very day,
I shall be home again—

FATEDDO.

As Mayoress of Kybosh, you
Supreme in power shall reign!

OMNES.

Oh, she'll be the Mayoress,—
What joy to her 'twill bring!

For the Mayor will come
 With the big bass drum.
 And to the music's martial hum,
 Though the bride be blue and the bride be glum.
 He'll give her a wedding ring!

KNOGUDI (*kneeling to Sing-a-Song*).

Farewell, O Sing-a-Song, my heart is yearning
 To take you in my arms and say adieu!

SING-A-SONG.

What, *you!*

KISSIMEE.

'Tis true!

KNOGUDI.

My love is as a lane without a turning,
 And at the end all I can see is you!
 Farewell! Think of me kindly;
 Forgive, forget—'twas not my fault,—
 I loved but blindly!

(*He releases Sing-a-Song's hand and rises.*)

FATEDDO.

What's all this fuss
 That's making us
 The centre of attraction?
 It's very plain
 To catch that train
 We'll have to get some action.

(*Enter Tung-Waga with dilapidated grip*)

FATEDDO (*to Tung-Waga*).

And what's that junk?

TUNG-WAGA.

Why, that's my trunk.
 I'll chaperone this party!

(*Fatteddo shows signs of annoyance*)

Now, don't give way!
 Two years to-day
 We'll be back hale and hearty!

SING-A-SONG.

Good-bye, dear homē, good-bye!

OMNES.

Good-bye, O Sing-a-Song!

SING-A-SONG.

Good-bye, Japan, good-bye!

OMNES.

Good-bye, Japan, good-bye!

SING-A-SONG.

And when two years have passed away,
 Upon my eighteenth natal day
 I shall come back to you!

OMNES.

She will come back to us—
 And old Japan!

(PICTURE. O Sing-a-Song, with hands out-stretched, bidding adieu to friends who surround her, turning her head away disdainfully from Fateddo, who tries to secure her attention in clumsy fashion. Knogudi, with arms appealingly out-stretched toward Sing-a-Song; and Kissimee kneeling, kissing good-bye to the hem of Knogudi's garment. Tung-Waga standing stern and erect with her "grip," attempting to pull Kissimee on to her feet.)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE: Grounds of the Mayor's residence at Kyboshō.

(See Special Note in regard to Scenery on Page 2)

Crowd of Wedding Guests and Merry-Makers discovered.

*Both choruses
on stage*

No. 9. OPENING CHORUS.

Waiting expectantly for the bride,
Under the cherry blossoms.
Will she come
Sad and glum,
Will she her heavy heart hide?
Sweet wedding bells that ring to-day
Should bring to-day
Nothing to-day,—
Yes, nothing but pleasure
In generous measure
Sweet wedding bells should bring.

(Enter Muvon Yu, Centre)

No. 9a. MUVON YU (Recit)

Attention ye! And don't become excited—
Assume ye all a facial expression that's delighted'

SOLO.

And if you think the bride deserves
Your sorrow sympathetic,
You'll simply rouse the Mayor's ire
To point that's paraletic.
That is the law—
I must uphold it!
That's what I'm for—
You might have told it!

For everything I know in law
Is positively lawful,—
Except maybe your mother-in-law—
And even they're all awful!

No. 9b. CHORUS.

Waiting expectantly for the bride
Under the cherry blossoms.

Etc.

(Chorus take positions on each side of stage, in crescent formation)

MUSIC.

CHORUS.

Here comes the Mayor!
 His servants bear
 Him in his chair—
 No single care
 Lies anywhere
 From feet to hair
 Upon the Mayor.
 We hardly dare
 Stay anywhere
 Within the glare
 And awful stare
 Of our dear Mayor.
 Here comes the Mayor!
 Here comes the Mayor!

(Enter, Centre, Two Bearers with Chair in Which Fateddo is seated.)

FATEDDO. That'll do. That'll do. This "Here comes the Mayor" business gets on my nerves. The Mayor has come, and we'll let it go at that.

KNOGUDI. To-day Kybosho will have a Mayoress at last! *(He sighs heavily).*

FATEDDO *(to Knogudi)*. What's the trouble? You sigh as if you envied me. Well, I suppose I ought to be envied. All is prepared for my bride—the honeymoon trip is all planned. We will have a gorgeous time, and then I will bring my bridey-widey back to the sweet nest I have prepared for her——

KNOGUDI. A Mayor's nest!

FATEDDO *(ecstatically)*. And to-morrow I shall be rich! All the wealth that her shrewd old papa left will be mine! She will be mine! The whole world will be mine! Glorious!

(Enter Ah No, Left)

FATEDDO. Who are you, you pig-tailed popinjay?

AH NO. A stranger in a strange countlee. Me Chinaman—'Melican Chinaman. Hyphenated Chinaman.

FATEDDO. What breed of Oriental perversity is that? What do you do?

AH NO. Muchee washee in 'Melica.

FATEDDO. Ah. Muvon Yu, come here.

(Muvon Yu approaches. Fateddo whispers to him)

MUVON YU *(to Ah No)*. His washup, the Mayor, says you'd best not try to wash any of your dirty linen in public here.

AH NO. Me toulist only now. Wentee home to China. Chinaman they not recognise Ah No. Me 'Melican. Chinaman at home no washee. Too undiggle-ified!

FATEDDO. What did you ever leave America for?

AH NO. Too muchee washee, too little money. 'Melican lady keep Ah No waiting too muchee long for laundry bills. I ask money for muchee work. 'Melican lady she say, "Ah, no! Ah No." 'Melican lady expect Chinaman glad to work for his health.

FATEDDO. Well?

AH NO. So Ah No went to foreign settlement in China. No Chinees or foreign man recognise Ah No—too much hyphen, they say. Big fat German he say, "Louse mit you!" I say, "Louse mit you—what is that?" Big fat German and Chinaman they show me—muchee big kickee me out.

FATEDDO *(in disgust)*. Get out o' here, too. Back to your tub and your ironing board!

AH NO. Not so. I go to Hong-Kong to see one li'l Chinees girl—my Suki Tong.

No. 10. SONG (*Ah No*)

Little Chinee maid is Suki Tong
 She belong
 To Hong-Kong.
 'Neath the shady branches of a tree,
 Making tea
 For me.
 Suki Tong would makee tea while I was making love,
 Heavenward she would carry me!
 Suki Tong, while twinkling stars were peeping up above,
 Promised she would marry me.
 I can hear her gentle little sigh
 As she raised her lips to kiss good-bye.

Ah, how I long
 For old Hong-Kong,
 To sing my song
 To Suki Tong!
 And very soon
 A honeymoon
 Will see me going strong
 With Suki Tong
 In old Hong-Kong!

(*Chorus Repeats*)

I'm so tired of all the great White Ways,
 Cheap cafes,
 Cabarets.
 Far away from here my heart would be,
 O'er the deep
 Blue sea!
 Making love and drinking tea with little Suki Tong,
 Dainty, little tiny girl!
 Waiting for the wedding bells to ring-a-ding-a-dong
 For me and my Chinee girl!
 I can hear her gentle little sigh
 When she nestles to me by and by!
 Ah, how I long
 For old Hong-Kong,

Etc.

(*Chorus Repeats*)

(*Exeunt Ah No and Chorus. During the remainder of the Act, Muvon Yu should stroll in and out at intervals, looking important, and flourishing his club.*)

FATEDDO. Well, I'm glad he's gone. (*Sings.*) "And very soon a honeymoon will see me going strong"—Hello! Well, look who's here! The advance guard of the bride! (*Looks at his time-piece.*) Right on the dot!

(*Enter Tung-Waga and Kissimee with much baggage. They shake hands with many of the crowd. Both are dressed in exaggerated American costumes. During this time, Sing-a-Song's voice is heard off humming the refrain of "Suki Tong." Fateddo stands listening expectantly, his hand to his ear, a greedy smile on his face. The refrain sounds nearer and nearer, then enter Sing-a-Song.*)

No. 11. SONG (*Sing-a-Song*)

Back again to old Japan,
 Dear Japan, fair Japan!
 Lands more beautiful than thou
 Are not anywhere, Japan!
 For your beauties and your charms
 I've been advertiser—
 Tho' but two short years have gone,
 I'm a century wiser!

Back again to old Japan,
 Etc.

(*To Fatteddo*)

And are you here to claim your bride?
 And think you you'll be satisfied?

O Sing-a-Song, though the time has been long,
 You'll be happy now!
 Eighteen to-day, and a bridal wreath gay
 On your dainty brow!

Oh, happiness, be mine!
 Take me and keep my heart!
 Keep it ever close to his,
 Tear not love apart!

Back again to old Japan,
 Dear Japan, fair Japan!
 Etc.

FATEDDO (*swelling with pride*). Well, well, well! This is great, my sugar plum. You are the apple of my eye, the peach of peaches, the pick of the basket—the whole fruit of the orchard, in fact!

SING-A-SONG. Cut out that hot air if you want to make a hit with me. In other words, don't try to "con" me.

FATEDDO (*astonished*). By the painted gods of my forefathers, what kind of language is that, my angel? I do not even understand it.

SING-A-SONG (*carelessly*). So much the better. It might hurt your feelings. Take my parasol, Kissimee. You and Tung-Waga can retire and refresh yourselves.

(*Exeunt Kissimee, Tung-Waga and Knogudi.*)

FATEDDO. But your accent! And your costume! Surely you don't expect to marry me in that extraordinary outfit!

SING-A-SONG. Why, of course, if you insist, I'll change it. It's my going-away dress, don't-you-know.

FATEDDO. No, my fruit compote, I *don't* know. I know we *are* going away—but how came you to know it?

SING-A-SONG. Don't be too inquisitive, you silly old Mayor. You'll soon know all about *everything*, and then—

FATEDDO (*ecstatically*). Oh, you unutterable and luscious bunch of sugar grapes! Come to my arms!

SING-A-SONG. All in good time. You must learn to keep cool, Fatteddo. It is bad form to make love in such gushing fashion.

FATEDDO. Bad form! Gush! I cannot love unless I gush. It is my little way. What has happened to my bride that she went away a peach and returns a crab-apple?

SING-A-SONG. In America the women are cold and haughty when their lovers woo them. I have taken lessons in *everything*, including love.

FATEDDO. And who, may I inquire, was your teacher?

SING-A-SONG. It matters little. Perhaps you may see my teacher ere long.

FATEDDO. Did he—she—your teacher, I mean—teach *you* to be cold and haughty?

SING-A-SONG. Most assuredly he—she—my teacher, I mean!—did. I was carefully taught 'twas the only way to treat love like yours.

FATEDDO. I refuse to pay for that kind of tuition.

SING-A-SONG. You don't have to. I paid for it myself.

FATEDDO. And what did it cost you, little one?

SING-A-SONG. My heart! (*Fateddo looks mystified.*) But you don't "get" me, I see.

FATEDDO. I don't, eh? Well, I've *got* you, and will keep you! For two long years I have smothered my impatience and now I am ready to explode. Come,—(*he approaches her with arms outstretched.*)—I will imprint the kiss of possession on that alabaster brow!

SING-A-SONG. Back water, back water, old top! That is both improper in public and contrary to all the ethics of eugenics in private.

FATEDDO (*astonished*). Indeed? And what *are* eugenics? Some species of blithering idiocy, I do not doubt!

SING-A-SONG. Some people think so. It all depends on the point of view. But I have learned that a kiss, for example, is dangerous to health; and as you don't want a sickly woman for a wife, you had best "can" your osculatory exercises, so far as they may be directed towards me!

FATEDDO (*severely*). I regret your trip abroad exceedingly, young lady. You know too much. No one has ever refused a kiss from me before!

No. 12. DUET (*O Sing-a-Song and Fateddo.*)

SING-A-SONG.

Oh, what is a maiden to do to-day
To show her affection so great?
The laws of Eugenics
Arise like a Phoenix
From ashes of hopeless Fate!
I long to allow you
To do what just now you
Suggested with loverlike haste;
But it's not sanitary,
And I've become wary,—
No kisses of yours must I taste!

TOGETHER.

Oh, dear! What's the world a-coming to?
We're getting too particular!
It's a shocking circumstance,
And you take an awful chance
If your amorous intents you do not bar.
Bah! Bah! Bah!
Oh, dear! What will soon become of us?
It's no use going on like this!
Still, it strengthens one's belief
That it's wrong to be a thief
When it isn't safe to steal a kiss!

FATEDDO.

We'll have to discover some kind of *dope*
 To spray on a maiden's lips—
 Or else we'll abolish
 And straightway demolish
 All honeymoon future trips!
 Moreover, I've figured
 Romance will be jiggered
 If every crank has his way!
 To the deuce with all notions
 That stifle emotions,—
 Let every dog have his day!

TOGETHER.

Oh, dear! What's the world a-coming to?

Etc.

(*Enter Knogudi, quietly, R. U. He remains in the background.*)

(*Whistling heard off stage. They all listen attentively.*)

FATEDDO (*suddenly*). What was that?

SING-A-SONG (*smiling*). It was a *bird*, that was!

FATEDDO (*nervously*). Well, are you ready?

SING-A-SONG. Ready? What for?

FATEDDO. For the ceremony, of course.

SING-A-SONG. But there's no minister!

FATEDDO. Quite superfluous. I am the Mayor. The Mayor can marry anyone he pleases when and where he pleases. I please to marry myself to you now. So let us plight our troth and all that sort of thing, you bubbling brook of intoxicating waters!

(*Enter Tung-Waga and Kissimee, back stage.*)

KNOGUDI. Ah! (*Sighs.*)

FATEDDO (*to Knogudi*). You there? Hasten, you dolt, and read the ceremony and let's get it over with quietly. No fuss. That's my idea of a wedding. (*He struts about.*) Go ahead, now! (*Addressing Knogudi impatiently.*)

KNOGUDI (*emphatically*). Never will I read the words that will make O Sing-a-Song the bride of another!

SING-A-SONG (*coolly*). It is quite unnecessary, I am sure.

FATEDDO. That it is! I will officiate at my own wedding. Here goes: "If anyone—(*winks*)—present has any objection to the irrevocable knot now being tied, let him step forward and object, or forever" . . . Hello! What's this?

(*Enter Harry, centre, who dashes in followed by Hilda and Stella.*)

HARRY. Stop! Look! Listen!!!

FATEDDO. Young man, I am all attention. You ~~are~~ rude, but what does one expect?

HARRY. I am an American!

FATEDDO. I accept your apology.

HARRY. This ceremony mustn't go on!

FATEDDO. Mustn't? Indeed?

HILDA. No, indeed!

STELLA. Indeed, no!

HARRY. Can't go on!

FATEDDO. Can't go on! (*Excitedly.*) Can't, did you say?

HILDA. He did, indeed!

STELLA. Indeed he did!

FATEDDO. And why can't the ceremony proceed, pray?

HARRY (*triumphantly*). Because the bride-to-be is a bride-that-was.

FATEDDO. What the devil are you trying to say, sir?

HARRY. I mean that O Sing-a-Song is a bride already—the sweetest, dearest bride in the world—my bride, in fact!

FATEDDO. The Devil!

SING-A-SONG. He's *not*!

HARRY. Yes, we've been married three months now.

SING-A-SONG. You see, it wasn't exactly my fault. You sent me over to learn all the Americans knew, and I found it impossible to get on to everything unless I married one of them. *This one wanted me to, and I did!*

HARRY. Yes, and I think we've made a fairly good-looking American out of her, at that! Look at her! But it's not a case of nationality! What nationality has the heart—the soul—love itself?

(During the singing of the following number, the characters on the stage at this time dispose of themselves as follows:—(Knogudi, Kissimee and Tung-Waga) walk together back stage and exit slowly in conversation, re-appearing at same entrance at end of song. (Hilda and Stella argue with Fateddo and lead him off, R, Hilda and Stella returning the same entrance after song. Sing-a-Song sits at a little table, left, and gazes tenderly at Harry, who may sing part of the song to her direct.)

No. 13. BALLAD (*Harry*)

A heart once went through the world alone,

Seeking a mate to find;

It wandered far on its eager quest,

But found not its object East or West,

For love, they say, is blind.

And all around other hearts were bound

In coils that love had wrought:

Here and there, and everywhere,

Each found the mate it sought.

Yes, every heart found a mate at last,

As onward the old world rolled,—

And every heart that true love had touched

Proved a heart of purest gold!

'Twas thus my heart took heart of grace,

And ceased in its constant whirl;

For it found its rest in the tender breast

Of a dear little Japanese girl!

No. 13a. QUARTETTE (*Harry, Sing-a-Song, Stella and Hilda.*)

And thus, you see, it had to be,

And soon ^{these} } { two got married.
we }

The honeymoon was over soon,

For only that we tarried.

(They turn towards Fateddo, who has entered, R, dejectedly.)

The rest is clear; for now we're here,

As you can plainly see, sir;

Our hearts are wrung to see you stung,—

But it just had to be, sir!

(Enter Chorus, et al., singing and shaking forefingers at Fateddo across back stage.)

No. 13b. CHORUS.

Our hearts are wrung to see you stung,

But it just had to be, sir!

Hail, bride and bridegroom!

Happy, smiling pair!

As long as she is happy

With a U. S. A. young chappy—

We should care!

FATEDDO (*angrily*). Get out o' here—all of you! How dare you intrude on my busted nuptials! Begone!

ours leave (Exeunt Chorus, singing, "Hail, bride and bridegroom," etc.)

HARRY. Now, don't be sore, old sport. We couldn't help it, honestly.

SING-A-SONG. No, really we couldn't. At least, *I* couldn't!

FATEDDO. Well, I hope you're satisfied, sir. You have married a pauper.

HARRY. Pooh! A fig for that!

FATEDDO (*aside*). I'll get something out of this, anyway.

HILDA. The mercenary wretch!

STELLA. Oh, give the poor man a chance, my dear.

FATEDDO (*pompously*). The terms of her papa's will not having been duly complied with, it is my painful duty——

TUNG-WAGA. Real pleasure, he means.

FATEDDO (*with scornful dignity*). Silence, woman! (*He resumes his pompous manner*) . . . my painful duty, in accordance with the Kiboshō ordinance I have this moment passed, as Mayor—(*he smacks his lips with satisfaction*)—my painful duty, I say, to declare the entire estate and fortune of said papa hereby forfeited.

HARRY (*derisively*). Ha, ha!

FATEDDO (*resuming*). And as it is within the power of the Mayor to make what disposition he pleases of property thus forfeited, it pleases me to annex it myself, which I hereby do. All those in favor, say "Aye!"—AYE!—those of a contrary opinion, keep silence.

HILDA. *Some* Mayor.

STELLA. He's a common get-rich-quick schemer.

HARRY. One moment, Mr. Mayor. Not so fast. Where is the will?

FATEDDO (*producing the original will from his pocket and flourishing it triumphantly*). Here!

HARRY (*striding quickly over to Fateddo and snatching the document from the latter's hand*). Give it to me! (*He scans it hurriedly*.) Ah, it is the original! I have not been mistaken. It is just as my copy says! Ah, ha! It is all perfectly correct! (*He waves the will impudently in Fateddo's face*.)

FATEDDO. Then that ends the argument.

HARRY. On the contrary, it merely starts it. Listen. Here's the very words: (*Reading certain passages*) . . . "No conditions save one . . . my daughter be willing to give herself in marriage to Fateddo . . . I make this condition not because I love Fateddo, but because I wish my daughter to become the wife of a real, live Mayor."

FATEDDO (*exultantly*). Exactly. Precisely. Could anything be plainer?

HARRY. Not to me. In the first place, Sing-a-Song was willing to give herself in marriage to you on this day. She told me so herself the day on which I first read the will, which was half-an-hour after I had led her to the altar.

SING-A-SONG (*demurely*). Oh, yes, I was perfectly willing, you know! The fact that it was impossible because it would have been illegal, didn't make a bit of difference to my willingness, did it, Harry?

HARRY. No, indeed, pet. (*To Fateddo*.) So there she was—willing enough, but unfortunately for you, prevented from carrying out dear father's idea owing to her previous marriage to me! So you see that she complied with the "willing" clause in every respect!

SING-A-SONG. Yes, and I was here on my eighteenth birthday, too!

HARRY (*reading further*). . . . "I wish my daughter to become the wife of a real live Mayor. Fateddo is the only unmarried Mayor I know." That's what papa decreed.

FATEDDO (*decidedly*). And that goes, young man, and don't you forget it.

HARRY. Of course it does. (*Reading once more*) . . . "I wish my daughter to become the wife of a real live Mayor." . . . In my country I am a lawyer; and as they like to put a man who can juggle with the law at the head of their affairs and themselves, the citizens of Dollarsville—(*proudly*)—my native burg, elected me Mayor of that city a month before I married Sing-a-Song. How d'you like that?

FATEDDO (*dropping into a seat*). WOW! Stung again!

(*Exeunt Hilda, Stella, Tung-Waga and Knogudi, R, all laughing.*)

HARRY (*bowing to Fateddo in mockery*). So it's all right, old chap. We will keep papa's estate in the family, if you please, the terms of the will having been fully complied with, though not in the manner that papa anticipated.

No. 14. TRIO. (*Sing-a-Song, Harry and Fateddo.*)

SING-A-SONG.

I am the Mayoress of Dollarsville,
To you, I know, that's a bitter pill!
In its legality
And its finality
You find your plans are reduced to nil!

HARRY.

She is the Mayoress and I'm the Mayor,
Though for such honors I don't much care;
Yet I am glad I am,
Tho' it's too bad I am
Cause of your angry and nonplussed air!

FATEDDO.

One thing is painfully plain, I see,
You've "put one over," no doubt, on me!
I can't avoid a bit
Being annoyed a bit—
'Most any one in my shoes would be!

ALL.

But heigh-ho! It was ever so!
That's the way that the world goes 'round:
You take a deck of cards and build
A house with hope completely filled—
When puff! . . . bang! . . .
Your house is on the ground!

(*Dance and Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Tung-Waga, Kissimee, Knogudi, Left; Hilda and Stella, Right.*)

TUNG-WAGA. We have certainly accomplished a good job. Our two years' trip was a complete success from an educational point of view.

KISSIMEE. Matrimonial, too, I should say!

HILDA. Yes, indeed!

STELLA. Indeed, yes!

KNOGUDI (*sadly*). Oh, I don't know. I still hoped, but now it's all over.

KISSIMEE. I still hope that it's just going to start. I'm here, anyway.

KNOGUDI (*disconsolately*). So I see.

KISSIMEE. Listen, Knogudi. I've learned a thing or two myself in America. One of them is that men need encouragement from the girls. So I am encouraging you. Consider yourself encouraged.

HILDA. That's plain enough!

STELLA. Very encouraging, I should say!

KNOGUDI (*doubtfully*). You mean you want to marry me, Kissimee?

KISSIMEE (*impatiently*). Oh, lor, if you *must* put it that way! Yes.

KNOGUDI. Kissimee. I am absolutely reckless. Life for me has lost its sunshine. She whom I adored has married another. I care not what becomes of me. Therefore I ask you to marry me.

KISSIMEE (*smiling, and placing hand on Knogudi's shoulder*). Very nicely put, Knogudi. I will teach you sense.

HILDA. She will, in other words, substitute *common sense* for *innocence*. (*Knogudi and Kissimee embrace. Enter Fateddo with Muvon Yu, followed by Crowd.*)

FATEDDO. Where are those two renegades?
(*Enter Harry and Sing-a-Song, Left.*)

HARRY. Here we are. What's the trouble?

SING-A-SONG. Yes. Haven't you gotten over it yet?

FATEDDO. I wish you to be tortured with remorse for the rest of your lives. I desire that you see me commit social suicide.

SING-A-SONG (*astonished*). What are you going to do?

FATEDDO. Hear me pronounce sentence on myself for my folly in ever having dared to hope that I might have O Sing-a-Song for my bride. Properly speaking, when a Japanese Mayor makes that kind of an ass of himself, he should promptly commit hari-kari!

ALL. Horrors!

FATEDDO. But such an end is too good, too honorable for such unmitigated assinity as I have been guilty of. A far more dreadful sentence is now about to be imposed on me by myself.

ALL. Spare yourself!

FATEDDO. Never! I hereby declare my intention of marrying forthwith the woman, Tung-Waga, (*pointing tragically at her*)—and may the gods have mercy on my soul!

TUNG-WAGA (*wringing her hands*). What have I done to deserve this?

No. 15. SEXTETTE AND FINALE.

(*Sing-a-Song, Harry, Kissimee, Knogudi, Tung-Waga and Fateddo.*)

SING-A-SONG.

Wedding bells will soon be ringing,
Ringing in Japan—
Every lass will prove successful
Searching for a man.
I've got mine, and oh, I love him!

HARRY.

Yes, I know you do!

KISSIMEE.

I've got mine! I had to shove him
Ere he would "come through!"

FATEDDO.

Wedding bells will ring for me, too,
But I fear they're cracked.

TUNG-WAGA.

Something else besides the bells
Soon will be, that's a fact!

ALL SIX.

Start the bells with music ringing,
Ringing in Japan—
Every lass that's worth her salt will
Some day find a man!

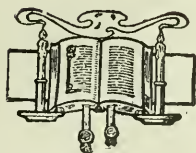
FULL CHORUS AND PRINCIPALS.

O Sing-a-Song is sweet eighteen
To-day, to-day.
O merry birthday bells ring out,
So gay, so gay!

Oh, the world would be so happy to a maiden's heart
If old Time on his scythe would lean—
And never count another year
Nor let new calendars appear,—
When a maiden's reached eighteen!

Sing-a-Song is sweet eighteen
To-day, to-day!

(END OF OPERA.)



PROPERTIES. The following properties are required:

Small bell with tongue, for Herald. Document of about three pages to represent the will. Several suitcases, one dilapidated, the rest smart and belabelled. A Sedan chair. Policeman's staff or truncheon.

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